WOMAN AND HOME.

SOME HINTS ON THE KEEPING OF HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS.

The Stolen Kiss—You Must Laugh or Idealize—Care of the Nursery—What Shall Schoolgirls Eat?—The Victims of Vanity. Real Pleasant Women.

Whether or not it is the part of wisdom to keep accounts is an ever open question; especially is it so with housekeepers and mothers of families. The simplest system that they could adopt would still be a complicated one because of the number of separate accounts, and yet every woman who has kept accounts has decided, after years of experiment, that it is wise.

A very good plan to follow is to have several cheap notebooks, small enough to carry in the purse. The only reason one should have several is that they can be purchased more economically than a single book. Enter into one of these notebooks, which is always carried, every item and expense for the day. This book can do service as a memoranda book. Every day if possible, and certainly once a week, check off these accounts into a ledger. The left hand page of the ledger should represent the income page, the right hand the page of expenditures.

Most women have but one source of income, and for such the income page will be a very easy matter to handle, and part of it can serve as expenditure page. The expenditure page should be divided for the several heads: House, furniture, dress, children's dress, school expenses, books, amusements, church and charities, or in divisions or set of divisions that meet the requirements of the family accounts. These divisions or rulings would best be made with red ink.

It is unnecessary to say that the expenditures of each day in the little notebook must be under date of that day, and it is very wise to settle accounts on one day of the week. This saves much confusion. Friday or Saturday is usually the best day. There is a certain satisfaction in being able to account for every penny expended in these days when money seems to disappear and leave nothing to show for its expenditure. The second advantage, and by many people considered the primary advantage, is that keeping accounts is very apt to stop unnecessary leaks.

There are many husbands who would be much more agreeable in money matters if they could see exactly how the money was spent. To most men the disappearance of income is a source of mystery, if not of annoyance. It is an excellent plan, where possible, to have the husband draw off the accounts from the daybook. Many times he will unravel figures that puzzle his wife, and very often their combined intelligence will see ways of modifying expenditures or of expending under wiser assignments.

The true secret of managing money is to so divide the income as to keep the best balance in the several departments of expenditure. For instance, decide how much money can be expended for rent, church and charity expenses, dress, etc., and keep within the limit. Accounts help to keep this limit before the mind and serve as a check and satisfaction piece.—Christian Union.

The Stolen Kiss.

Two peach trees in an orchard waved their glossy leaves beneath the torrid rays of an August sun. The one tall, graceful and lithe of limb, bore nothing but foliage, and that of the darkest, richest green, while his neighbor bended wearily under her load of luscious fruit.

Upon one of the extending branches that was nearest to him was a large, beautiful peach that he had watched ever since she was a sweet, pink blossom until now, when the rains, the hot suns and the gentle dews had nurtured her to the perfection of maturity, and it seemed as if the longer he watched her the whiter grew the lily of her brow and deeper grew the flush upon her cheek that vainly strove to conceal its loveliness beneath a delicate veil of snow white velvet down.

Perhaps it was the magic of his eyes that made her cheek to grow so wondrous fair, for his gaze had grown so constant and so ardent. The thought came to his heart that she was made for him alone, and he sighed to think that he might not even kiss her cheek, for she hung just beyond his farthest reach.

He whispered the wish that was in his heart just loud enough for her to hear. The blush upon her cheek deepened, and she said: "It cannot be. You would take something of my soul upon your lips."

The zephyrs upon which his prayer was borne arose to a breeze, and as he bent beneath their sway he stole the coveted kiss, when, lo! upon his lips he took the down from her cheek. Alas! there was something of her delicacy gone that nothing could restore, not even the dewdrops that the evening air was fast distilling there.

Ah, woman, so fair, so beautiful, let none betray thee with a kiss, to inhale aught of thy soul from off thy lips! No bearded lip but thy affianced's may touch thy cheek, none but the liege husband may lavish upon thee his caresses lest something of thy pure loveliness be divorced.—Mary E. Kelly.

You Must Laugh or Idealize.

I think that there are just two things, speaking in a nonreligious sense, which are absolutely essential to a woman if she is to get comfortably through this world. They are a sense of humor and the power of idealization. I put humor first advisedly, for there are lots of things no human being living can idealize, and there is where the humor comes in. A good way to divide it is to idealize the big things and see the funny side of small ones.

I know two women who were invited on a yachting trip. They were newspaper women on vacation (spent at home mending their gowns), so of course there was no money to pay car fares to the place of meeting. One of them sold a silver bracelet to buy the tickets, and they were the jolliest women on the trip. They saw the fun of the episode, and when the week was over they told the whole story to the party who had thought them living on assured incomes. One of those same women had such a quick sense of humor that she really grew fat on semistarvation. She used to laugh at the bad times she had.

One of her best jokes related to one day on which she had not eaten a mouthful. She was invited to a theater party that night and could hardly sit through the play for anticipating the supper. She told the people bright stories so that they might not notice how much she was eating, and she said afterward she had much ado not to hide a few things in her pocket for breakfast. These are of course exceptional cases, but it helps along marvelously to see the funny side of everyday matters, especially one's men folks.—Donahoe's Magazine.

The Care of the Nursery.

The room especially set apart for the children of the family should be the best aired, the sunniest and the driest in the house. At the same time it should be so situated as to be kept at a temperature as nearly uniform as possible. As a general thing it should be on the south side of the house. Any excess of sunlight if such exists can be easily controlled by shades.

Since the nursery is as a rule occupied both night and day it should be as large as possible to facilitate a thorough supply of fresh air.

Considerations of air, sunlight and cleanliness should be paramount, and all questions of decoration should be entirely subservient. To this end everything should be simple in construction.

In all but exceptional cases the nursery is the scene at some time or other of one or more of the diseases incident to childhood. On this account all materials that might serve as a lurking place for dust and disease organisms should be excluded. The furniture should be plain, so as to be easily kept clean. It should also be light, or else furnished with strong casters, so that it can be easily moved about. Pictures on the walls were better omitted.

Nursery closets, too, should be carefully looked after. They should be always open to inspection, and no accumulation of soiled clothing should be permitted.

The habitual use of disinfectants should have no part in the care of the nursery. The necessity for their use should be avoided by means of scrupulous cleanliness. A room in which disinfectants are needed should be inhabited by no one, least of all by children.

The ventilation of the nursery is an important matter. The essential thing to be secured is a frequent change of air without drafts along the floor.—Youth's Companion.

What Shall Schoolgirls Eat?

This is an age of innovation in all things. The whirligig of reform has now stopped at the schoolroom dinner table. There should be a good time coming for schoolgirls, since progress has taken their daily menu in hand. How hungry they always are, to be sure! Great growing girls, with an inch or two of red wrist always poking out from sleeves, and spindle legs always peeping unseemly from the skirt hem—let out tucks notwithstanding. A few years ago, even in expensive schools, the "young ladies" were supposed to be too refined to have large appetites. They lived principally on thick bread and butter and weak tea. There was no "relish," as homely folks say, with the breakfast. Meat was served only at the midday dinner, and supper, when it existed at all, consisted of a nibble of biscuit and a sip of milk and water. No wonder the poor girls grow anemic! "Unlimited diet" always figured on the school prospectus, but it is a conveniently elastic term.

The prospectus of a modern girls' boarding school shows that in this respect the old order has changed. There was a neat dietary table, on which were shown the respective meals for each day in the week, even to the rolly poly jam pudding which followed the roast mutton Thursdays and the occasional fish which figured on Friday's bill of fare. If I were the mother of girls ripe for boarding school, I should think more of good plain food and plenty of it than of "olleges" and deportment. Many a young woman of today is suffering the ill effects of genteel short commons in her school days.—London Sun.

The Victims of Vanity.

What is to be said of the sinful folly (the mania is apparently not confined to the young) of the mother who put her child into corsets at 6 years old, or of the young lady who "enjoys the feeling of tight lacing so much" and never lets her waist exceed 17 inches, or 15¾ if she has no breakfast? We are not surprised to hear that she cannot walk. Are there really such foolish relatives as the one who insisted on a young woman reducing her waist to 17 inches, saying, "No man will marry a girl unless she looks smart?" These unfortunate victims of fashion sleep in their corsets and know no release night or day from the agony of tight ligaments pressing cruelly on soft and growing bones.

The torture of the Chinese lady's crushed toes and the disfigurement of the savage who shaves off her eyebrows, saws off and blacks her teeth in a mistaken search for beauty are mild discomforts compared with this prolonged and lifelong discipline. Men should be proud to think how women value their admiration and to what lengths they are prepared to go to be pronounced "smart."

These young ladies are satisfied with their courage; they revel in their self sacrifice; they are the pioneers and the martyrs of progress. Of them it may truly be said, "Out of your mouth shall ye be judged," for it is they who have revealed the secrets of the prison house, torn the veil from their sufferings and gloried in the pain which, once conquered, becomes delicious.—Lady Greville in National Review.

Real Pleasant Women.

There are all sorts of pleasant girls in this world with winning ways and charming manners, but the girls of girls is the one who accommodates herself to her surroundings. As a matter of course a girl should be bright and agreeable when she has a beautiful home, every wish granted, luxuries galore and no reason to be for a minute ill tempered or out of sorts. If, however, chance or misfortune throws her out of that comfortable nest among surroundings that are not congenial, where economy must be her watchword and hard work her principle, then if you find her smiling and light hearted, having once known what it was to have been at the top of the ladder, then indeed is she one worthy of all the praise you can give her.

The woman who puts up with the discomforts of travel, of moving and of the numerous vicissitudes that are bound to come into all lives without whining, finding fault or repining is the one that is bound to make some man a good wife. A person cannot visit and find in another's home the numerous little ways of doing things that they are used to in their own; they cannot travel and be as comfortable as in the shadow of their own roof tree; they cannot go on year in and year out with no annoyances, and the disposition that can meet the various changes with a smiling face is worth more to its possessor than money, which can take wings and fly away, for it brings comfort both to them and those about them at all times and in all places.—Philadelphia Times.

A Terrible Waste.

"Speaking of broken engagements," remarked a young girl the other day, "makes me think of a funny story. A friend of mine was expecting to be married and had everything ready but her gowns. All the table and bed linen was hemmed and marked and put away in lavender, while dozens of tray cloths, doilies and bureau scarfs were made. She had even prepared a large supply of house cloths for windows, silver, etc., and had put away six rolls of linen bandages, in case any one should cut a finger or sprain an arm.

"Well, the engagement was broken, and what do you think she did with all those things upon which she had lavished so much loving care? She made a big bonfire in the back yard, and upon the flames, started by means of a match and an old barrel, she heaped her treasures. Never did vestal virgin feeding the sacred fires on ancient Roman altars make more fervent vows than did this nineteenth century maiden when sacrificing her dainty linen in the hope of assuaging her heartache. That all happened some years ago. On a cabinet in her own room stands a large jar, which people declare contains the ashes of her heart and of her bridal linen cremated together on that fateful day."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Formula For Letter Writing.

After a breezy disquisition on "How a Woman Writes a Letter" a London journal sums up its hints and suggestions in the following:

"Recipe: Take a sheet of paper and pen and ink. Be sure you know to whom you are going to write the letter, as some people are a little vague in this matter. Let the address and date be at the top, for this shows a good cook—I mean scribe—who has her mind as well as her materials at hand. Begin with some usual formula of address. Add, in 2 parts of family news, 2 parts of answers, 2 parts of genuine and kind inquiries; mix with a light hand. Add gradually 6 parts of odds and ends, well beaten up, such as weather, dress—this is naturally a large and valuable item—personal remarks and so on, not forgetting the inevitable gossip, which must be sugared and sifted in lightly at the last. Finish up and take care to add a P. S. after the signature, for like a tail to a kite this balances the whole concern. It is in the P. S. that woman's individuality is charmingly shown to the greatest advantage.

"The size of the letter, the length of each part and the choice of words must be left to the writer's feelings, but care must be taken to put in all the 12 ingredients. Then place it in an envelope, and serve hot—that is, send it off to the right address by the next post. As a million letters a year are posted in London with no address, this final warning does not seem to be amiss."

Amusement For a Child.

My mother used to seat me before a table in a rather high chair, give me a long, shallow tin pan, a little sieve or gravy strainer and about two pounds of common table salt in another tin dish.

I then proceeded to have a miniature snowstorm by sifting the salt upon the long tin. Some places piling it high in drifts. I was fortunate in having among my toys a "farmyard," consisting of a little house, some wooden trees and all kinds of animals. These I distributed about in my field of snow, making paths through the drifts and building pens for the animals.

A handful of wooden toothpicks will suffice to make fences, wood piles, etc., and a tiny mirror or bit of looking glass serves as a beautiful ice pond in the midst of the fields.

The "farmyard" of course is not necessary. Green leaves will serve for trees, and a log cabin can be made of little bits of wood.—Cor. New York Recorder.

"Don't Bother Me."

"Don't bother me." That is the too frequent reprimand of the mother who has committee meetings, charity organizations, interviews and many other matters foreign to domestic comfort on her mind. A student of social tendencies, who has no darings of her own and who perhaps on this account appreciates their worth all the more, tells of a little incident which affected her deeply. She was at the house of a friend, who was exceedingly preoccupied with some social scheme. Her little son, full of pride in some drawing he had made, ran up to his mother to show it, only to be repulsed with "Don't bother me." He went to auntie, who took him up and talked with delight of his sketch. As he went away he said to mother: "Auntie, she likes it. Mamma, she don't care." As the auntie said, "I always pity a child whose mother doesn't care."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Woman's Position In History.

The position of women has varied a good deal in the history of the ages. In the remotest times, among the rudest peoples, women had more public influence than in post-Homeric Greece, in Rome and in the great eastern empires, except perhaps in Egypt, where we hear of great queens and where the woman was in a sense the head of the family. The "matriarchate" is not a new idea, but a primitive institution. Indeed all the most "advanced" ideas are a return to savage ideas, from which circumstances we may argue pretty much as we please.

If the object of institutions be content and a quiet life, then the Zulus and Hindoos may be said to have solved the question of woman. Polygamy and seclusion may have answered very well for many centuries, but our aspirations tend in an opposite direction.—London News.

Typesetting For Girls.

The setting of type seems to be a work especially adapted to the deft fingers of a girl, and the fact that she is earning a comfortable competence ought to give her a dignity that demands the respect of those with whom she comes in contact. The actual work of picking up the type is no harder than playing scales on the piano and not half so trying for the eyes as drawn work or embroidery. The men printers do their work standing, but the girls have high stools at the cases and may sit or stand.

It isn't clean work, but it is clean money, and ranges from $8 to $25 a week, with an average of $15 a week. A man is employed to do the heavy lifting of the forms, which is supposed to be too heavy for women.—New York Sun.

Oyster plant may be used for soup just as celery is, making a cream soup that very closely resembles the real oyster broth. Cut up and boil tender the salsify. When it is mashed to a pulp, add milk and seasoning, as in cream of celery soup.

Maud Banks, the daughter of General N. P. Banks, is not only a conscientious and painstaking actress, but she is likewise one of the most widely educated and best read young women of the day. She speaks a number of languages fluently.

A dining table for six persons should be 6 feet long. Beneath the cloth always have a felt or canton flannel cover. It brings out the design of your table linen and deadens the bony sound of dishes.

Furniture covers are prettiest and freshest made of old fashioned dimity, edged with tiny balls. This is much prettier in effect than the figured linens which have been so much used.

In general the girls in the great stores in Paris have a hard time. They are compelled to stand all the time they are at work, and the air of the stores is far from exhilarating.

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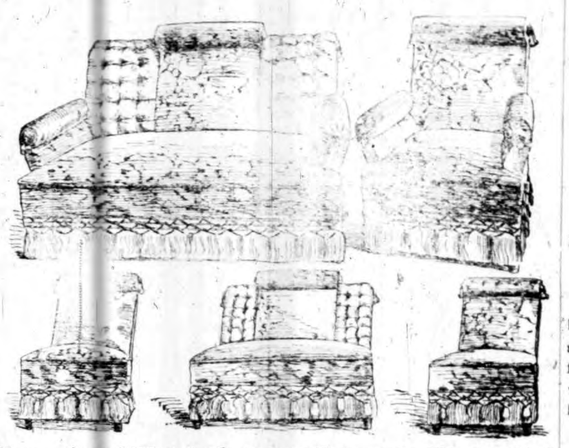

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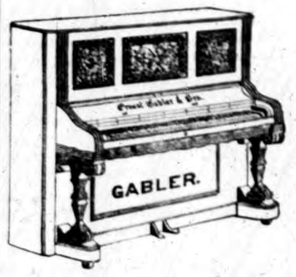

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